

THE NEXT WAR.

The Commanders of European Navies
Who Will Take Part in It.

SOME BIG MEN AND BIG SHIPS

That Will Carry Death and Destruction
Into the Enemy's Ranks—England's Navy.

When the European war clouds dissolve in a rain of blood and the dogs of war are loosed, the condition of the navy of each country involved in the conflict will most seriously affect the fighting chances of each combatant. Naval armament is a matter of vital moment to every nation in these days. Tardy as we ourselves were in giving the question due recognition its practical importance was brought home to us only yesterday in the threatened difficulty with Chile. Then we were able to comfort ourselves with the reflection that we had at least a few good ships and a few good men to command them. In European countries the necessity for a proper marine equipment is conceded as readily as that for an army. In glancing at the European



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

navies I will not weary the reader with figures or statistics, as these receive due attention in the technical portion of the public press and are frequently copied into the daily newspapers. As the success of a navy in warfare depends upon the skill with which it is handled, much more than on weight of metal, I will devote my space to writing of those officers of the European fleets who are already famous and destined to be leading figures in the future. I will refer to each nationality in the order of its importance as a naval power. England, of course, leads easily, with France, Russia, Italy, Germany and Austria following her in the order given.

England's representative seamen who fought in the Crimean and Chinese wars are most of them dead or retired. Few admirals now on the active list have seen much carnage. Seymour, who bombarded Alexandria in 1882, is getting too old to count for much. There is Du Hoc, who attacked the Peruvian ironclad Huascar with Pierola the rebel leader on board. He gained little glory from this incident, however, which resulted in the escape of the enemy. Admiral Troubridge, lately raised to the peerage on his retirement, and Admirals Tryon, Hotham and Lyons are the three most prominent figures now.

The meteor of England has, however, no more distinguished sailor serving under it than Lord Charles Beresford, who at present commands the British Mediterranean fleet. His career up to date has given the greatest promise of future distinction.

Not only has he shown his ability as an active naval officer, but in his official connection with the admiralty while a member of parliament he displayed the characteristics of a statesman. People will say that Lord George Hamilton should have been preferred to office over the head of Beresford at the time when both were appointed to the admiralty. It was but another instance of family influence in English politics overriding the just claim of merit. For Lord Charles Beresford is an Iringhams, scion of a noble and historic house, it is true, and although Lord George Hamilton is Irish also his family connections among English politicians are far stronger than those of Beresford. Lord Charles sat in parliament for his native constituency from 1874 to 1880. He was made a lord of the admiralty and proved a thorn in the side of the incompetent bureaucrats who direct that department. At length he resigned, giving as a reason for doing so the general dissatisfaction of the admiralty.

During several startling speeches which he delivered in the commons he arrayed facts and figures condemnatory of the naval administration which his previous official knowledge of the inside state of affairs enabled him to do. These speeches roused public opinion all over the United Kingdom. Though Beresford has seen a good deal of naval service he has been in only one campaign—at Alexandria in 1882. But his distinguished conduct on that occasion showed him to have the instincts and capacity of a man of action. The Marabout batteries had opened fire on the British ironclad bombarding Alexandria. Beresford was in command of the little gunboat Condor, which he promptly steamed right in against the forts under cover of the smoke from their guns.

For a moment the English did not handle the Condor that the Egyptian batteries worried by the gunboat, and it impossible to get within range of the British ironclads. The Marabout forts were very powerful, and had it not been for Beresford's clever tactics could have kept the attacking fleet at bay for a long time. The English admiral ran on a signal, announced his admiration of the Condor's unexampled work. The world applauded, and ever since Beresford has been known as "Condor Charlie."

Lord Charles Beresford is indeed the coming man of the British navy. A great future awaits him. He was appointed a commissioner last year to report on the Suez canal, and when his report was published last October it proved another sensation for England. It demonstrated that the rocky

Beresford is a splendid type of the naval officer, bold, a sciolist and a tactical distinguished. I might single out from among them for the honor of the first place Admiral Jurensen, a Dane, who was not for a moment daunted at which it necessary to move him further day by day from the arena of active service. His record dates back to Crimean days. Much might also be said of Vice Admirals Miot, Ruy Zede, Vignes, Ducrey or Lespe. There are other figures which deserve more attention than all the rest. This is Admiral Gervais. And why? For the reason that while his past record is known and praised by all Frenchmen, he remains at the present time specially prominent in naval circles. Admiral Gervais entered the naval service at the age of fifteen, in the year 1852, receiving command of a ship in 1879, and being promoted to vice admiral in 1887. When Admiral Gervais was French ambassador at the court of St. James, Gervais acted as naval attache to the legation. From this position he went as chief of staff to Admiral Kraatz, former minister of marine. In both positions he was a credit to his service. Gervais is a modest worker, and capable of intense application. Nor is he popular with all ranks. Under the exterior of a self-possessed man of the world he conceals a head full of ardent thoughts. Through over fifty years of age Admiral Gervais presents the appearance of being much younger. The brisk elasticity of youth has not in the least deserted him. His manners are unassuming. The recent visits of the French fleet to the seaports of England and Russia took place under his command. He was selected for this important commission because of the confidence with which the French ministry regarded him. Few men in his profession have attained equal rank at the same age. The chief of staff of the French squadron was dictated by motives of policy on the part of the government and the admiral who was placed in command was practically entrusted with a diplomatic mission. This triumphal progress of the French fleet during the whole cruise of the Grand Duke Alexis presents the choice of Gervais as commander.

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ON THE TURNER PLANTATION.

A Story of a Georgia Boy's Adventures During the War.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Uncle Remus," "Nights With Uncle Remus," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," "Baloo and His Master," "Free Joe," Etc.

Written for The Constitution.

(Copyright 1891)

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

"THE trouble is," continued Mr. Henderson, still addressing Mr. Deometari, "that we are both afraid of Archie Blandford's temper."

"Now, just listen to that," exclaimed Mr. Blandford. "W h y, you'll make this chap here think I'm vicious. He'll believe I'm a man eater."

"We both know how he feels toward Captain Johnson," Mr. Henderson went on, not heeding the interruption, "and we have both been trying to prevent him from doing anything he might regret. I think your plan would have succeeded, and I'm glad you brought Maxwell, anyhow, because I like to meet a big boy once in awhile, but my plan is the best, after all, for Captain Johnson is gone."

Mr. Deometari stopped walking the floor and sat down. "Tell us about it," he said.

"Well," said Mr. Henderson, "here is some correspondence that came to Captain Johnson through the postoffice. There are three letters. We will call this No. 1:

"Sir—it has been noticed that you have refused to forward supplies intended for the wives and children of confederate soldiers. This refers especially to the wife and children of one John Pruitt."

"That's not nature," said Mr. Henderson, taking up another document, "but it's not nature."

"Sir—it is known that no supplies have left this post for the wife and children of one John Pruitt. Will the relief committee have to act?"

"Here," continued Mr. Henderson, "is the last. It's No. 3:

"Sir—John Pruitt is in jail where he cannot help himself. The relief committee will meet tomorrow night. Hold yourself in readiness to hear again the story of the retreat from Laurel Hill."

"Well," said Mr. Deometari, as Mr. Henderson stopped, "what is the matter?"

"Well, the man was worried nearly to death."

"He was in a continual fit. At last he came to me and talked the matter over. That was yesterday. We went over the Laurel Hill incidents together, and I used Archie

not remember in his dream, and even plain Mr. Pruitt grew into a romantic figure.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Curtain Falls.

Somehow, after Joe Maxwell's experience with Mr. Deometari, Mr. Blandford and the rest, events of importance seemed to follow each other more rapidly. Some of them were surprising, and all confusing. It was in the middle of the month of January that General Sherman. A few weeks afterward, Harbert, while cleaning and oiling the old Washington, No. 2, hand press in the Countyman office, told Joe that the federal army would come marching through the country before long.

"Who told you?" asked Joe.

"De word done come," replied Harbert. "His blarz ter be so, kaze all de niggers done dead talk un. We all will wake up some er dead and come short an' fin' de yankees des searmin' all 'round 'em."

"What are you going to do?" Joe inquired, laughing.

"Oh, you kin laugh, Marse Joe, but dey comin'. What I gwine do? Well, suh, I'm gwine to git up an' look at um, an' may be tip him to some ter do big buz. 'Bungt um an' den I's gwine to git in 'em, busters. I don't speck dey gwine ter boder folks what don't boder dem, is day?"

Joe had forgotten this conversation until it was recalled to his mind one morning shortly after his ride with Hillborough General Sherman had won him from Atlanta, and he was marching down through middle Georgia.

The people that Joe saw went about with anxious faces, and even the negroes were frightened. Before this vast host all sorts of runners fled, carrying far and wide the news of the approaching invasion.

At last, one cold, drizzling day in November, Joe (Maxwell), trudging along the road on his way to the printing office, heard the clatter of horses behind him, and two horses in blue came galloping along. They reined up their horses and Joe heard the blaring of bugles, and then went galloping along again. There were couriers carrying dispatches from the Twentieth Army corps to General Sherman.

There was hurrying to and fro on the plantation after this. The horses and mules were driven to remote fields which were large swamps. Joe carried Butterly and tethered him in the very middle of the swamp, where he could get plenty of water to drink and young cane to eat. During the next ten hours the plantation was held by a company of federal, fairly swelled with foraging parties of negroes. Guided by some of the negroes, they found the horses and mules and other stock and drove them off, and when Joe heard of it he felt like crying over the loss of Butterly. The horse did not belong to him, but

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1892.
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LOIE AND HER DANCE.

The Latest Terpsichorean Sensation Minutely Described.

A DANCE FOR HIGH OLYMPUS.

Notes of the Stage and Its People—Annie Pixley in Comic Opera—What Is Coming to Atlanta.

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and the skirt does the rest. In the third act of "Uncle Celestine" she walks to the center of the empty stage in what seems to be a soft, clinging dress of plain white, just long enough to touch her toes. What follows is a series of dance steps, as it is not been my good fortune to see the dance; but one who has seen it and who is evidently an admirer, writes of it in this strain:

"The orchestra plays the soft, sensuous waltz music, called "Echoes of the Ball," as though it were a lover who had hidden in the shadow of an orange tree in full bloom; when the dancer gently lifts her skirts and sways with the rhythm, it is as though some one had shaken the tree and there was a shower of petals. As the music quickens just a trifle, she raises high first one limb and then the other, and with a slow sweep outward and a quick down stroke balloons out each side like a broad fan. Her movements, marking the rise and fall in gentle curves that seem like nothing so much as a couple of moonflowers open and closing, with a pretty, smiling woman between them, coming straight toward us. For an instant she stands perfectly still, and the dress gradually falls in graceful lines about her. She then bows, comes back to the audience, and has, positively, even a prettier effect; then bows back, looking at the audience, the gleaming skirt as a black ground for the auburn curls, and skips off, followed by a roar of applause."

"The next is the serpentine dance, and undoubtedly the most difficult of all. The first steps are given their full leaves to the silken skirt, and Mr. Silkworth had known his business, we should now be living in paradise and not have to work for a living. That dance, with a skirt such as Miss Fuller has, would have saved us. That is why it is called the serpentine dance. There are so many possibilities in it. It is a dance that can be done in a room, and is good enough to be a sacred ceremony. Sometimes it is a great white cloud, sinking and falling and rolling and turning with passing breezes; the red light is turned on, and you think of the revolving ball of fire in the caverns of immortality described in "She"; sometimes the woman cannot be seen, and the colored cloud seems to stand ten feet high; then, out of the shadow folds of the skirt, the peeps forth, and butters across the stage with white wings outspread, like a butterfly just burst from its cocoon; then the light is suddenly turned off.

"The audience will not be pleased until she comes on again, for that lovely white dress, so simple and yet so graceful, is the most effective advertisement, and she comes down to the footlights with a big white wheel revolving on either side of her, or, like Venus, borne forward on the crest of a high white-capped billow. The billow breaks into the lines of opening and closing flowers, and then gradually sinks into slow, undulating lines, upon which a blue light plays from the wings, and the look like summer waves under moonlight, and the clapping of fountain hands in the audience is as the rattle and roar of the pebbles on the beach."

"Gathering the dress in her hands high above and behind her head, she makes it form a most effective background for her graceful pose. A strong white light is turned on from behind, and the seams of the outstretched garment make it look like a spider's web, in which the graceful out-



lines of the dancer are plainly seen. This has a very pretty effect, which is heightened by the swaying oriental movements to the music of the insinuating waltz. She dances forward to the footlights, the skirt spreading like a column, then turns back, then, suddenly, the mystic garment which afloat, and, as softly as a snowflake, falls in a heap (under which is Miss Fuller) on the floor, and all is dark again.

So Mrs. Jim Blaine, Jr., has secured her divorce from young Jim and gets the custody of her child and \$100 a month alimony. "I am sorry for the little woman and am heartily glad she has whipped her fight. I remember her as a girl—a pretty one she was and a sweet one, too—and she's far too good for the cigarette-sucking youth when she was so foolish as to marry. In all her life she has been a good woman, and she has fought against her. She has borne herself with great dignity in the face of her trials and has undoubtedly made many friends for the times when she so sorely needs them. The story of her marriage to young Blaine, as she told it in the courtroom at Deadwood where her trial took place, is interest-

ing. The courtship was very brief. At first the youthful couple proposed to put off their marriage for four years, or until Miss Nevin had fulfilled her contract with Mrs. Modjeska and Daniel Frohman and Blaine had completed his college course; but the latter did not want his fiancee to remain on the stage, and, as a result, he persuaded her to accept his marriage proposal. The Blaine family were bitterly opposed to the match, the groom's mother in particular, and when the final disagreement between her and the bride came to a climax, she declared to her daughter-in-law: "I'll keep my son with me. In one half hour, if I choose, I can have the young man from you." She was as good as her word, and the couple were separated. When all the young wife's attempts to bring about a reconciliation had failed, being in sore straits financially, she applied to Daniel Frohman, who agreed to undertake her management if she proposed to return to the stage. She had worked five months to prepare herself, when she was seized with a severe rheumatism, which confined her to bed for nearly a month, and then left her a cripple for life. During all these unhappy months of illness, she testified, she received not a word of sympathy from her husband or any member of his family. Judge Thomas awarded Mrs. Blaine \$1,000 counsel fees, the custody of her child, and \$100 monthly alimony.

The garment in which this dance is executed seems to be the mystery. Miss Fuller does not seem to be the mystery. She simply poses, sways her body,

and the skirt does the rest. In the third act of "Uncle Celestine" she walks to the center of the empty stage in what seems to be a soft, clinging dress of plain white, just long enough to touch her toes. What follows is a series of dance steps, as it is not been my good fortune to see the dance; but one who has seen it and who is evidently an admirer, writes of it in this strain:

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Bernhardt drew \$14,000 in four performances at St. Louis. There is money in this business—if you're a Bernhardt.

Alexander Salvini is to be under the management of W. M. Wilkinson for five years. I am glad for Wilk's sake and for Salvini's, too. Wilkinson is one of the very best younger managers—a man whose name is always identified with success. He is now recognized by the older heads as one of the most talented of the youngsters, and he and Salvini make a good team.

This week the Clarke Comedy Company goes on the road under the direction of Manager Kistbacher. It gives me genuine pleasure to testify to the thorough worth of this excellent company and I am sure it is not an exaggeration to say the company deserves the very best patronage everywhere. Mr. Clarke is the cleverest, young comedian on the stage. He is a born ventriloquist and in whatever he does is the thorough artist. Mrs. Clarke—Miss Batenbach—is a charming, clever, exceedingly pretty little lady and is an actress of very great ability. The company is good throughout and its repertoire includes the most charming comedies in the language. The Clarkeys should be greeted by large audiences everywhere.

This week Orville Musser, charming gentleman, great artist. He is undoubtedly the greatest violinist I have ever seen. He needs no introduction to Atlanta. J. O.

THE THEATER THIS WEEK.

Lent drives out many amusements, but before it opens this season you can enjoy a good deal of fun by seeing "The Girl in the Moon," a musical comedy at the Bijou, and "The Girl in the Moon," with Ray L. Royce as star, at Decatur's Monday and Tuesday, with Tuesday matinées—February 29th and March 1st. So be on hand and enjoy a rich treat of the best of music, novel specialties, refined dances, and all the good things that go to make up an evening of unalloyed pleasure. "Tom's Vacation" was in New Orleans for a week, the managers offered, for the sake of having some fun, a bad night, and the person who would attempt to do the same at the Bijou, Royce, the star of the new production by the company, and after the week had passed, the show still remained on hand, which the Bijou is giving, giving one-half to the Protestant orphan asylum and one-half to the Catholic orphan asylum.

The "Burglar" opens for two nights and Saturday matinee engagement at DeGivre's opera house on Friday, Feb. 28th.

"The Burglar" is a comedy drama by Augustus Thomas, author of "Alabama" and is one of those plays which is an honor to the stage as the ethical foundation is great and the plot natural. The play was seen here last season but in credit to the management it may be said that the artist's performance was not up to the standard of the play brought out a play that seems almost perfect. The cast is an excellent one, and is headed by Mr. A. L. Loring, who will be in his great rôle as the burglar. Bill Lewis, the star, will be produced here in its entirety, after having secured a series of metropolitan success. It bears the stamp of a brilliant comedy, and is cast with Miss Helen Ottolenghi, a daughter of Charleston, S. C., who has been one of the leading actresses of this country for the past eight years. This is her first appearance south.

"I began in February to take Hood's "Saraparilla," says Mr. Sloan of Milton, Md., "and as a result I am in good health the whole year." Reader, do likewise this year.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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MAXIMILIAN

Who Came With Carlotta, His Beautiful Young Wife,
TO REIGN OVER TURBULENT MEXICO.

Living in Splendor—"Carlotta's Drive" to Chapultepec—How Maximilian Met His Fate.

Shakespeare represents the world as a stage and all men as players. The difference between the stage and real history is the difference between art and life. The one is representative; the other is actual. The one is a part played with the feeling feigned; the other is where the part played is an expression of the feeling.

Looking upon the different countries of the earth as so many stages where varying historical performances have not only been represented, but lived out, and fought out, we may say that Mexico, from 1820 to 1867, presents the most interesting national theater of modern times. Within forty-seven years she had forty-three different governments and about seventy-five different rulers, and it is said that but two or three of her presidents, or emperors, or dictators, or regents died natural deaths. They were shot, or banished, or stabbed. The performances on the stage of Mexico were more interesting than those furnished by other countries because they were so original, so complicated, and so perfect. It was not a scene of drama, where a shepherd wood his maiden in the peaceful ways of life; it was no scene of comedy, where long-suffering husband attempted to tame some shrew, by plans devised in pain and exertion, when artists sought for while to make their hearers forget the cares of life; but it was tragedy, begun in blood and ended in blood, with which Mexico had half a century, held the wondering gaze of mankind. The scenes were shifted, the curtains were raised, and at down, the dramatic performances changed often, and with such fury and hasty emphasis, that men were compelled to look. Enough daggers, and rifles, and darkness, and treachery accompanied the unforeseen movements to keep the interest at high tension. No country in the world has ever had so many scenes of political and social strife for the purpose of a national theater. Rock-ribbed and ocean-begirt, it had been elevated higher above the sea than others. Flowers of the most delicate and rich, and variegated hues were set in contrast, and with such profusion all over the stage. Birds of gay and brilliant plumage sported and sang among the flowers, making the whole a radiant and enchanting as a section of fairy land. Great mountains lifted their peaks into the sky and their summits were often used by the Titans to pin the stars to the side of the globe, while mountains of smaller dimensions had been split and quartered and folded and twisted into anterooms, alcoves and winding to furnish hiding and dressing places to the players. Here and there, yellow patches of this or that, of changing colors, had been the home of a contented and noble race. Now and then a war between some northern and southern tribe, but none of them destructive and serious enough to interfere with the general march of progress. The built great pyramids, and the historians found great cities and wrought out a civilization that will be the wonder of men for all coming time.

In 1520 Spain found this Egypt of the western hemisphere. She at once appointed herself its guardian. She destroyed her temples of gold, despoiled her lands, and burnt off the foot of the last. Moctezuma in the vain attempt to make him tell where he had buried the Aztec treasures. For 300 years Spain was doctoring Mexico, forcing the Mexicans to swallow her civilization as so much medicine. At length Mexico was sick unto death, and in 1820 began a series of revolutions which ended in 1867. From the home of shepherds Mexico became the rendezvous of warriors. The pruning hook was turned into the dagger.

Many scholars sought the cause of the varying and violent of Mexican evolution. It was not in the climate—the air and the scenery tended to peace and tranquility. The world now knows what the matter was. Mexico had too much of Spain. She had been dosed with Spanish civilization long enough to know that war was preferable to another, and that she was. She was the daughter of her Toltec and Aztec ancestors, by the last of her kings, the unreconstructed Cuauhtemoc, who, when hanging on the cross, addressed to the dying sun the requiem of his race—that she would have no more of it. But Mexico was too weak, and in 1808 she sick her first attempts to break the folds of the Castilian anaconda that had fastened itself about her national life, were stifled and unavailing. She would rise in her dairies, conscious of her weakness, and then fall again, and again, and again, and shoot and butcher awhile, then fall back exhausted and despairing. Gaining fresh strength and fresh hope from a little rest she would come again, with renewed vigor, to strike the second time with more effect. For ten years she was continually.

France, Spain, and England not being properly the cause of the Mexican revolutions, and finding it impossible to collect their national debts from her exhausted treasury, entered into a tripartite alliance. In 1861 the English, powers, engaged an agreement in London that the allied sent troops to Mexico and force the country into some sort of national organization, so that they could collect the money due them.

Spanish and French and English troops landed at Vera Cruz, but by some manner of chance, the English settled the claims of England and Spain, leaving only France to prosecute the war with Mexico. It was not many months before the French troops were victorious in all the southern parts of Mexico. In 1863 Napoleon III called all the Mexican notables together for a conference, and, among the other government they would have. At his suggestion, they declared in favor of a limited monarchy, and selected Archduke Maximilian of Austria as emperor. A committee was appointed, and sent at once to the court of Maximilian at the Adriatic sea, to inform him of the action of the notables. The archduke refused to accept the throne until the people of the whole country should have the opportunity to express, by their choice. The notables came back to Mexico and went through the form of holding the ballot. In six months the same committee were at Miramar, the castle of Maximilian again. They declared to him that he was the unanimous choice of the Mexican people. Then he at once accepted the crown, and Carlotta, his beautiful wife, both came to their kindred and proceeded to Rome to get the blessing of the pope before taking up their abode in their adopted country.

Maximilian was the son of Francis Charles Joseph, archduke of Austria, and the young brother of Francis Joseph, the emperor of Austria. He was born in 1832. He was a cousin of the queen of England, and in some way related by blood to nearly all those who controlled the destinies of Europe.

He was an accomplished scholar in a course of seven or eight volumes, and had traveled in the leading foreign countries of the world. He had been the guest of Dom Pedro, in Brazil, and had written a book concerning that empire. He was favored by the pope, and had the best royal blood in his veins. He had manners befitting the prince that he was, and, besides, the wide information of the student and the traveler.

Carlotta was the daughter of Leopold I, king of Belgium. She was the granddaughter of Louis Philippe, king of France, and is the sister of Leopold II, the present king of Belgium, who is the staunch friend of Explorer Stanley. She was born in 1840.

Maximilian and Carlotta were married in 1857. He was twenty-five years of age when they left Miramar, in 1864, she was twenty-four, and he was thirty-two years old.

There is nothing sadder in history than the departure of this young prince and his handsome bride with their case on the Adriatic sea. All that heart could wish or imagination

conceive was theirs—society at Vienna and Brussels, or at London and Paris, or at Berlin and St. Petersburg, and all the numerous scenes of books and love at Miramar. Born to fortune and to purple; coming by inheritance into the world's thought and admiration; surrounded from birth by all the tender ministrations of affection and wealth. It is enough to make the heart sick to think of a country and a tender couple leaving such scenes and surroundings to play the last act upon the bloody stage of Mexico. Would that some counsel of father or mother had been given to them! They were too good and noble to be the objects of the righteous vengeance of the Aztecs. They had done nothing worthy of death, or of the agony that flung reason from its throne. All their lives they had been accustomed to live in wealth. No wind had blown about their childhood home at Vienna or Brussels or around their marble castle at Miramar. They had been reared like delicate plants in royal gardens, and were unaccustomed to the soil volcanic fires had lifted between the Gulf of the Ocean. From that moment as it slowly sank in blood. There he was captured in the outskirts of the city, at the hill of bells—Cerro de las Campanas, by General Escobedo, the 14th of May, 1867.

A court martial was soon held, and the emperor and the commanding officers with him, Miramont and Mejia, were condemned to death. On the 19th of June, 1867, was performed the last act of this terrible tragedy, when Maximilian, Miramont and Mejia were shot by the court martial, and General Escobedo and President Juarez. They were executed on the "Cerro de las Campanas" about one hundred paces from where they were arrested. Maximilian, calling the general to whom he was to be shot, said to him, "Give me an ounce of gold, and ask them to aim at my heart." He then approached Generals Miramont and Mejia and embraced them cordially three times, saying to them, "In a few moments we will meet in the other world." At first Maximilian was in the center, but turning Miramont he said, "General, a brave man is admired by monarchs; I want to give you the post of honor," and Miramont said, "General, who is not rewarded for his service?"

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THE BLACK LACE DOMINO.

I am a Baltimorean; but last February a year ago, business, in a combination with fate, carried me to Mobile. Pursuing my way up Royal street from the Battle house, I was at a loss to account for the throngs of pedestrians which were pouring in two ceaseless streams up and down this thoroughfare. It was a motley crowd, consisting of masquers, peanut venders, street singers, organ grinders, nuns, priests and ordinary individuals of every class and variety. It was also very indolent crowd, since they seemed going nowhere in particular; but even this aimless activity was in vivid contrast to the appearance Mobile usually presented, for in my occasional visits to the place it had always impressed me as being the dullest of all dead towns.

I turned into Dauphin street, and came face to face with my old classmate and crony, Ferdinand Duvau.

"Why, Philip Blackburn!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand. "What good luck brought you to Mobile at the gay and festive season of mardi gras?"

"Mardi gras!" I ejaculated. "So that accounts for the galvanic thrill that has passed over the town!"

"Don't abuse Mobile; there isn't a place in the union that can compare with it. But she is at her best now—you know Mobile has been dubbed the 'Mother of Mystics.' The Knights of Revelry have just finished their processions. Tonight we have the carnival. You've done me a service tonight I can never forget."

"Well, give me a goodnight kiss," I answered in a tone I used to make light.

"Why, of course. But that masque—"

"Never mind the masque."

I was not quite master of my words, and I half lifted the mask in question by way of reply. She put up her red-gloved hand to her hair. I think I tried to resist the temptation to give her a cool brotherly kiss; but whether I did or not, that kiss contained much more fervor than the supposed relationship warranted—there was nothing platonic about it.

With an exclamation of astonishment and indignation, she instinctively drew further from me; and as her angry eyes tried to pierce the masque, I deliberately removed it and stood before her, confessed.

"Philip, I am in trouble. I seemed about to drop, and the look in her large eyes made me feel like the blackest villain unthunk."

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"Miss Pancita," I began, with ceremony.

But her eyes were still suspended with terror, as though she were still meditating flight; so I dropped my dignity and grabbed her hands instead.

"Kita," I jumped on hurriedly, "don't look at that way; I'm not an ogre. Your brother-in-law is one of the best friends we have, we were schoolmates in college; he is here to help you. Tell him about Philip Blackburn. He will tell you that I am a man to be trusted and am a gentleman, though I'm afraid I have not acted the part very well tonight. But it was a fierce temptation. At least, I was very near it, and nearly never pass my lips. Now, will you try to forgive me?"

She looked at me in a bewildered way, then bursting blushing rose and died all her sweet face, the white throat, even the little ears.

"It is very strange," she murmured, "but you have been very kind to me."

"Ferdy, I am sure you will not be the last time I shall tell no one while Ferdy, well, I've felt all the time as though Helene was sure to know. Really, I am under a great many obligations to you."

"Bless her little heart! Her innocence saw that the deceit I had practiced on her. I felt like kicking myself all over Mobile."

"Then you will try to forgive me a little?" I asked penitently.

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, trying gently to release her hands. "Indeed, I hope you will not be the last time I shall tell no one."

"Believe me, it is not. Your brother says you leave the convent in May. After that you will be very certain to see more than enough of me. But now goodnight, indeed," and, kissing a kiss on each of their little hands, she jumped in the buggy and drove off.

That was a year ago. Another mardi gras has come and gone, and Lent is drawing to a close.

In Mobile there are several weddings booked to occur immediately after Easter; and, among the grooms, the list of candidates are out for the marriage of Margherita Pancita, the girl who was the last to nod, as I stood alone after a dance, and deliberately tucked her hand under my arm.

"Ferdy," she said softly, "I've gotten myself into a scrape, and you must get me out."

"Hullo!" I mentally stammered. "Am I supposed to be the groomsman? But I only stared at my companion in stupid silence."

"Don't you know me?" she demanded, giving my arm a gentle shake. "I knew you at once from your costume. By the way, haven't you got any other costume to wear the same costume again in succession?—and such an unusual character as the Veiled Prophet, too? Is Helene here tonight?"

"No. She wasn't well enough."

At the sound of my voice she looked at me curiously.

"Ferdy," she interrogated, "it is you, isn't it?"

"Of course it is—if you mean Ferdinand Duvau."

"Well, your voice sounded strange, but I suppose that is the effect of the masque. You are certainly still tonight. Why don't you ask me back? I escaped from the convent? Positively, I don't believe you know me."

But at the word "convent" the truth came upon me like a flash of light. I was on solid ground at last.

"Margherita!" I exclaimed, as familiarly as though I had raised her, "is it possible that this is you?"

"Now, Ferdy," said my lovely companion, giving my arm a gentle squeeze, and looking into my face with two large, soft, beseeching eyes that sent my blood coursing like mad through my veins. "If you are going to call this poor little girl Margherita, she will certainly run away. You frightened her to death."

Well, here I was at sea again! What was I to call her?

"It is too bad for Rita, indeed I'm not!" she exclaimed earnestly.

"All right, Rita, my dear," I replied in a voice I was fathoms enough to hope was brotherly, and covered her little soft hand with mine. If that touch was able to thrill Ferdinand Duvau as it did me, he was a villain. "I was astonished, you know—that made me call you Margherita. Go on with her to death."

"And I shall only go to Helene to tell her."

"Not a syllable to Helene, or any living creature."

"Ferdy, do you know you are the best brother in the world?" Well, I consider it a temptation to come here tonight. The idea of a girl seventeen years old being shut up in a convent is preposterousanyhow. I have a quantity of black lace, and I ripped up an old black silk skirt for the occasion and made my dominion through the town. Then, as I finished supper tonight I peeled a headache and went to my room. I locked the door on the inside, climbed out the window to the verandah roof, and then by a tree to the ground."

She had many a footloose, and knew the old convent of the Immaculate Conception well, I was sure of my ground here."

"How did you get over the wall?" I asked.

"O I never attempted the wall. I climbed the gate." The gate, though high, was iron, and had many a footloose. "Then I walked here."

"Rita Pancita! Did you walk four miles to this carnival?"

"Certainly I did. And I've danced every thing since I've been here, but I'm about to drop. I couldn't walk, four miles back if I never got there. Ferdinand Duvau, there are no two ways about it—you must drive me back."

"I shall be only too glad. But you can't go without one turn with me. Come."

The next half hour was a wild waltz from Waldegrave, its sad, sweet strains swelling and dying upon the soft, perfume-laden air. With my arm around that slender waist, the little soft hand in mine, the rippling masses of her hair, the soft, breathless kiss on my shoulder, I soon felt that my heart, my soul, myself were passing into the possession of that productive little mass of black lace in my arms. And yet I had never seen her face!

"Now, Rita," I said, with a brave effort at self-possession, as the last bar of the waltz died away, "you stay here near the foot, while I go out and get a carriage. I'll be gone a minute."

Now it was much longer when, after many vain attempts, I finally succeeded in hiring a buggy, and returned to the little figure just inside the door.

"I couldn't get a carriage," I explained, as we went out into the moonlight-flooded street. "They were all engaged. But I got one, a one-horse buggy, and I'll drive you in myself."

"No matter," she replied indifferently. "Anything, so long as I don't have to walk."

She settled herself in the buggy, as I gathered

REAL ESTATE SALES.

SAM'L W. GOODE & CO.
Real Estate Officers.

Many owners are listing very choice vacant and improved properties in the city and suburbs, with us for sale and lease. We are the firm of this firm, and will not only pay investors a high rate of interest on their investment, but will surely enhance in value and can be sold at a paying price.

Many buyers begin to call and inspect our lists, and are invited to do so at our office, where we have maps and plans and general information concerning the city.

Owners wishing to sell and exchange are solicited to list their property with us, and we will give it due attention. We ask special attention to the following:

1. Block of renting property for \$7,500, which brings \$34 per month and pays over 15 per cent.

2. Choice renting property—3-r cottages—on Werner avenue and Woodward avenue (Jones street).

3. Large corner street residence, with all modern conveniences, between Pryor and Whitehall streets, at \$4,500.

4. Peachtree street, 3-story brick stores; enhancing in value.

5. E. Cain street residence, near governor's mansion, \$1,000 and \$2,000 each on large lots.

6. Large corner lot on McDaniel street, near grove near Whitehall, on electric line, fine level plot.

7. McDaniel street lot, 40x200 feet, close to Whitehall, \$1,000.

8. Foundry street cottage, renting for \$16,00, on easy payments, \$1,000.

9. Peachtree and West Peachtree lots; choice and cheap.

10. Peachtree homes to suit persons wishing first-class homes.

11. Piedmont avenue lots; choice.

12. Wilson avenue, between Peachtree and Piedmont, on car line and on main fashionable avenue.

13. Forest avenue houses, new, 9-r, water, gas and all modern conveniences, \$5,500, on easy payment.

14. Woodward lots, part of the "Bender property" and "Hayne property," especially choice and cheap.

15. Piedmont lots, with all city improvements finished; high, fine view of city and country, street car in front, neighborhood first-class, enhancing in value, price reasonable and terms to suit.

16. Piedmont, Lincoln and North lots, on easy payments.

17. Peachtree lots, just off the Boulevard, on Peachtree street, between 10th and 12th streets, \$1,000 to \$1,500; terms to suit.

18. Piedmont elevated, shaded Peachtree corner lots, fine view of city, \$1,000 to \$1,500; terms to suit.

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1892
TMENT.

THIS PAPER CONTAINS
20 Pages.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

SECOND PART.
Pages 9 to 20

VOL. XXIII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Business in this line is
of our business
and shapes in Stir.

STREET.
No. See's and Tea
Poly Co.
Hardware
Furniture, Tools
and Brass
Corrugated
Wood.
Counts.
GA.

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KEELY COMPANY.

BRILLIANT OPENING RICHES DISPLAY

OF

SPRING DRESS GOODS IN THE SOUTH. TWO ILLUSTRATIVE WINDOWS FILLED WITH DAZZLING NOVELTIES.



DON'T MISS THE EXHIBITION.

DAME FASHION'S DAY.

Nothing is more amusing than Dry Goods men discussing as to what is the proper time to open Dress Goods. As if the merchant had an option on the question. He may think he has—but notions are not laws. Many a worthy store-keeper has come to grief because he mistook his own little ideas for facts.

Silently as the forces of nature are the laws of trade. Concerning Dress Goods women think and wish. Thought and wish are will. That's the law. The time to open new Dress Goods is when the women who are to wear them want them.

The Dress Goods news of to-day concerns Silk, Wool, Linen, Cotton; it touches England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Switzerland and several of our own American states.

Woolens.

More than fifty styles new Spring Dress Goods at 29c a yard!

Do you realize what a parterre of woven loveliness that simple statement tells of?

Descriptions are empty words. They can't carry a mental picture to one reader in ten.

The thrifty may con these:

Camel's-Hair Serge, 38 in. wide; gray, brown and tan, 29c

Fine Striped Chevron, 36 in. wide; navy, brown and black, 29c

Herring-bone Stripes, 36 in. wide; gray, brown and tan, 29c

All-wool French Beige, 38 in. wide; ten of the newest colors, 39c

All-wool Striped Serge, 40 in. wide; seven popular shades, 45c

All-wool Diagonal Cheviots, 40 in.; thirteen fresh colorings, 49c

All-wool Melange Suiting, 40 in.; eleven fancy shades, 49c

All-wool French Henrietta, 40 in.; twenty-two rich tints, 49c

Figured Bedford Cords, 40 in. wide; bow-knot pattern, 49c

Scotch Diagonal Tweeds, 40 in.; stripes in contrasting colors, 59c

Striped Camel's-Hair, 40 in.; light grounds divided by lines 59c
All-wool French Serge, 40 in.; eight of the delicate shades, 75c

Bedford Cords.

Our stock is rich to repletion. The sorts and colors are enough to daze the buyer for an ordinary store, the money put into it would stagger the every-day dealer.

Bedford Cords pleasant to the touch, beautiful in many dainty colors to the sight, effective in drapery and form—

One quality at 85c, worth \$1.25.
One quality at 98c, worth \$1.35.

Here is a curl, Is it, or is it not, Bedford Cord? Which? You might think it either. Look this way a granite. Look that way a Bedford Cord. At intervals a zig-zag stripe just like a soutache dropped into the weave. Five plain colors, 40 inches wide, \$1.19.

Wool Crape.

In a general sense the world is wearing Crape. Crape is emancipated—no longer limited to the sombre black of weeds and mourning. Wool, Silk and Cotton all claim its wrinkles and fine little wrinkles as a feature in fashionable Dress fabrics.

Prominent among the Crape brood are Crocodile Cloths. The name is not meant to suggest the ooze and slime of the Nile. It merely tells you that the stuff is tough and crinkled like the epidermis of a crocodile.

The colors are rich crimsons, delicate modes, honest browns and blues, tender tints of tan—real novelties; 40 inches wide, \$1.19.

Royal Bargains

It would be impossible to overstate the attractiveness of these items:

All-wool Crepons, 40 in. wide; pink, cream, canary, blue and nile 83c
All-wool Cheviot, 54 in. wide; mixtures of light, tans and browns \$1.25

All-wool Diagonal Ombres, 40 in.; gray, brown, tan and blue effects \$1.35
French printed All-wool Challis; 39c, 49c, 59c and 65c.

French Crape Trianon, 32 in.; 83c. Billowy beauties. The Crapes are novelties, and such novelties. You know how perfectly Wool Crepes always drape. These have every grace of that kind and all the exquisite charm which the highest art of the printer can add.

Robe Patterns:

At \$5.

Novelty Robe Pattern composed of combinations of small checks and medium plaids in corresponding colors.

At \$7.

Charming Melange effect with odd caterpillar bits of contrasting tints scattered all over the mellow surface.

At \$10.

Light-ground Camel's-Hair with the hanging hairiness mostly swept into double windows four or five inches apart.

At \$10.

Ground like Crape and a new effect. A peculiar beauty comes from the quarter-inch harlequin satin stripes of one color in several shades.

At \$12.

The face of some is thickly covered with wavy wefts like giant pen strokes in lines of beauty. A bluish, a grayish, a tannish, a pinkish.

KEELY CO.

At \$15.

There are pendant styles—as the critics would say—Chevrons of delicate grounds with little silk stripes. And other bolder sorts in which the Chevron figures take the whole width of the stuff.

At \$16.

To look at them you think they were constructed to express a Frenchman's contempt for the English language. Novelty of novelties. Elegant idiosyncrasies without names.

At \$18.

Wool Checks and Serges and Camel's-Hair with silk noll stripes. These textile Saxons have a family trait of style quite as decided as the blue eyes and flaxen hair of the human Saxons.

At \$20.

Exquisite varieties in fine Striped Wool Crape. Think of the prettiest Seersucker you can imagine, in delicate ecru, pearl, olive and gray with beautiful self-color embroidered figures of airiest design.

At \$22.

Another Crape motif is a crinkled Seersucker Stripe with wool hair-line figures wandering with wanton freedom all over the surface.

Blacks.

Mourning is always black. Black is not always mourning. Indeed, in Dress Goods black holds a courtly place of elegant dignity quite unique. The Dress Goods man possessed of imagination—a fig for him if he lacks it—individualizes his goods, puts character into them. And so the Black Goods stock seems to look with majesty and calm, almost chilling upon the gay assembly of Colored Stuffs hard by.

These suggestions only touch the sentiment of the Black Dress Goods—in masse. Among them in detail may be found many of lighter vein—they are the brunettes of Dress Fabrics, dark, deep, rich, beautiful.

Step along up the price line and big values are regularly the rule.

Fine Diagonals, 38 in. wide, 29c.
Bedford Cords, 36 in. wide, 49c.
Fine Henrietta, 42 in. wide, 48c.
Hortense Serge, 38 in. wide, 57c.

Lupins' Cashmere, 46 inches wide, worth \$1.25 in any retail market, we offer tomorrow at 98c.

Fine Embroidered and Striped Wool Crapes, worth \$1.40; they go Monday at \$1.

Their cheapness is enough to shock a trained shopper.

A grand variety of Black Chevrons, Antique Stripes and Plaids of finest wool at \$1.00 that would be reckoned as bargains at 50 per cent more.

Black Wool Grenadines in fancy figures at \$1.25 and \$1.50 which will compare favorably with anything on the market at prices much advanced.

Among them all the Black Crape Novelty Robes are supremely attractive. They range from \$10 to \$40 and we would

KEELY CO.

be in the depts could we not boast a matchless display.

Silks

There is a synthesis between the Silks and all the elegant affairs of social life—dinners, receptions, levees, soirees:

There is an illustration of Silks and cognate things for women's full dress toilettes in the store now the like of which has never been seen here before.

The new Paris successes

Moujik Silk
Tyrolean Silk
Piedmontese Silk

They are iridescent and changeable with little spots and figures that glisten like fish scales in the sun; stripes, checks, plaids and a line of bizarre, roccoco sort of weaves that shimmer as the silver wavelets of a quiet lake in the moonlight.

It is interesting to see the richer effects with beautiful designs that scintillate like inverted stalactites formed of miniature Silken bolls.

INCOMPARABLE!

Plain Surahs, 24 inches wide, 37 colorings; 48c, 73c, 84c, 90c.

Plain China Silks (black), 24 inches wide; 50c, 60c, 75c.

Plain China Silks (black), 32 inches wide; 90c, \$1.00, \$1.25.

Black Faille Francaise Silks, 24 inches wide; \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Black and Colored Brocades, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Changeable China Silks, 22 inches wide; \$1.25.

Colored Glace Silks, 22 inches wide; 98c.

Black Crepe de Chine, 24 inches wide; \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.

French Armure Silks, 24 inches wide; \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.

Peau de Soie Silks, 24 inches wide; \$1.25, \$1.50.

Chinas in light and medium grounds with delicately tinted figures for evening wear; \$1.00, \$1.25.

Fine French Bengalines, 24 inches wide; \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.65.

We keep golden silence concerning the majority of the Silks. The above items are a fantasia of styles that lead away to light and music and festivity in which as central features fair women appear robed in delightful costumes. The list gives the prices, only.

Cottons.

Spring sales have begun. Just now these Stuffs—mostly mere slaves of despotic Fashion—are in harmony with the progressing year. The weaver and the printer speak the language of Nature, in bud, leaf and flower.

The writer's eye falls upon a rich list of Cotton Dress Goods. It appeals strongly for detailed mention. It's a pity to put it aside—the story is so fresh. We won't. The Cottons now have full command of the types.

Cotton Chevrons,

Dark grounds with colored designs in bright tints, are here and ready, 75c.

Surah Suitings,

Light grounds with lone and cluster stripes of red, blue, brown and black, are displayed in vast array; 36 inches wide, 90c.

KEELY CO.

China Cloths,

Rich grounds, scattered with printed figures of the finest Silk patterns, 36 inches, 10c.

Passaic Cords,

Wonderfully beautiful and entirely new effect, direct from Manchester; 36 inches, 10c.

Fancy Gingham, 7c; worth 10c.

Zephyr Gingham, 12c; worth 18c.

Imported Gingham, 10c; worth 10c.

Chevron Gingham, 25c; worth 35c.

Embr'd Gingham, 29c; worth 40c.

Here is an original thought, or the product of a thought that will interest all women.

Gingham have been expressed in many designs of weaves and color. Bedford Cords have held sway for Men's Trousers and Women's Costumes, satin streaks have figured in many textiles of the woolen class, but it remained for a Yankee craftsman to combine Gingham, Bedford Cord and Satin Stripe in a single fabric. The fabric is a triumph and its victory is made complete by the color skill with which stripes and plaids have been combined. Technically they are known as Bedford Cord Gingham, 32 inches, 59c.

The ubiquitous Yankee maker harries the Scotch again. Stuffs and styles so very like orthodox Glasgow that you think of the "wooden shingle painted so like marble that it sank in

FOR FAIR READERS.

The Fine Silks That Are Brought from China and Japan.

PRETTY GOWNS MADE OF THEM.

How to Choose a Pattern in Taste. They Are Printed in France to Suit American Women.

THE FABRIC called indigo Japanese, Chinese and India silk, will form an important part of the warm weather textures. It has the advantage of being thin, yet of sufficient substance for common wear, soft, yielding and beautiful in quality, yet at the same time durable. The bulk of the imports come from China and Japan, and India silk is almost a myth, so little is it made and so little sold. Choice in the market lies between the products of China and Japan, with nine-tenths being from China. The difference between these two is not seen by the casual observer. The weave of Japan is more smooth, and even and soft in quality, and much more beautiful. They wear about equally as well, and there is no perceptible difference in the price, the range in both being from 50 cents to \$3. The latter price being for an extraordinary quality, a yard wide. The qualities recommended cost between 75 cents and \$1.50. The usual width is twenty-six inches. India silk is the finest of all.

There is an American imitation of these silks, the texture of which, so far as I have seen it, has not the soft quality of the eastern fabrics, but is wiry. It is three inches narrower, and of about the same price.

These Japanese silks—as we may call them all, since they are classed under one head—are figured. The character of the figures is an important matter for consideration, and in choosing a flowing fabric the laws of decoration should be borne in mind. The figures on dress fabrics should not be imitations, with perspective effect and natural color, but they should be flat and conventional, or of natural

Good Designs in Spring Silks



make the mistake of valuing it in proportion as it looks like a picture. And the reason they can find these abominations on eastern silks is because these silks are not printed in China and Japan at all, but are sent out for those countries, plain, and are printed in France. This is the devil of the dealers, who cannot afford to carry goods that do not sell. Here the silks are printed to the order of the markets. It is not the dealers' fault if a large part of the importations are of poor quality, for in general the wear designs are on the cheaper grades. Artistic patterns cost no more than ugly ones. It is the fault of the American women who ask for them. A New York importer brought here a quantity of China crepe, magnificently figured. They cost him \$1.25 a yard. He thought they would be bought for house robes. But after two years he sold them to a country dealer for 50 cents a yard. It is now explained why the oriental silks in the Japanese and other stores do not look in the market.

Do not understand that all the designs in the market are bad. I am only warning you what not to buy. There are very beautiful silks in the spring importations, but you must know where to look. Look for the contrast of color to see whether that is agreeable; consider next the form of the design. See that it merely breaks the surface agreeably without obtruding itself as a like-ness of anything. Above all avoid the small flowers, which look so contrived and are only contrived among themselves to show off the sprig.

Among good designs now to be had are those whose ground and figure are of two tints of the same color, as light heliotrope on dark; single colors on black and on white grounds; also mixtures of black and white, and of white on

A design for a demi-dress of Japanese silk, after a French idea, has a low-necked waist gathered, and over it a fitted velvet jacket of the same color as the figure in the silk, and lined with silk. It is cut like a Russie, and is high at back and open down the front, and has a ribbon belt. ADA BACHE-COME.

SPRING DRESSMAKING.

Cotton Frocks for Misses—Fitness to Be Studied in Dressing a Girl.

The term, "a miss," is applied to girls between twelve and sixteen years of age, which is a most awkward time for them in feeling and appearance. Much of the latter may be avoided by dressing them in a becoming manner, according to the mode of the figure. Do not aim at straight outlines on a slender, weedy girl, and as carefully avoid ruffly trimmings on a rosy-pink figure. "The eternal fitness of all things is to be studied when dressing a girl of fourteen, as well as one of twenty-four."

Give young girls plenty of cotton dresses for summer wear, and trim them in a simple manner, that a clean girl may not become a luxury. From the gingham, cambrics, satines, crepes, embroidered, boudinings, white goods and cottons, a large variety may be selected in shades and combinations of blue, tan, pink, gray and red, with black and white lines appearing prominently.

Embroidery or fancy cotton braid, is the prettiest of all trimming. A blue and white striped sea island gingham has a full round skirt with a fitted waist, and the waist tucks beneath the skirt belt, which may be of

hooks. Imperatively it must not have a cover to smother its comeliness and destroy its clear lines. Instead put on top of it one of these new leather table mats. This material is suede-calf, colored to match the rest of the dress. The skirt is older—15x32 inches. The border is sometimes a very handsome metal gimp, or the one illustrated has a border of striped, open work, underlaid with the lighter shade, that formed the awning in one corner. The guard was a rich, tawny chestnut, the ornaments very pale, yellowish tan, outlined with fine gold cord. It is a scroll pattern, bold and clear cut, and

all the central design is couched. The satin shows through the open of the lace and the shimmer of its surface combines with the gold to make a brilliant bit of decoration.

For the Library Table.

Of course, the first thing is to have the table.

To be entirely correct, it must be of polished hard wood, matching the hardware of the room's furniture, and preferable of a darker tone. It should have broad mountings, too, and clean feet, of either wood or metal. The size and in some measure the shape, must be determined by its environment, but it must not be so big as to have but a cramped space round it, nor so small as to be easily overlooked with the sight of a lamp or half a dozen books. Imperatively it must not have a cover to smother its comeliness and destroy its clear lines. Instead put on top of it one of these new leather table mats. This material is suede-calf, colored to match the rest of the dress. The skirt is older—15x32 inches. The border is sometimes a very handsome metal gimp, or the one illustrated has a border of striped, open work, underlaid with the lighter shade, that formed the awning in one corner. The guard was a rich, tawny chestnut, the ornaments very pale, yellowish tan, outlined with fine gold cord. It is a scroll pattern, bold and clear cut, and

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To be entirely correct, it must be of polished hard wood, matching the hardware of the room's furniture, and preferable of a darker tone. It should have broad mountings, too, and clean feet, of either wood or metal. The size and in some measure the shape, must be determined by its environment, but it must not be so big as to have but a cramped space round it, nor so small as to be easily overlooked with the sight of a lamp or half a dozen books. Imperatively it must not have a cover to smother its comeliness and destroy its clear lines. Instead put on top of it one of these new leather table mats. This material is suede-calf, colored to match the rest of the dress. The skirt is older—15x32 inches. The border is sometimes a very handsome metal gimp, or the one illustrated has a border of striped, open work, underlaid with the lighter shade, that formed the awning in one corner. The guard was a rich, tawny chestnut, the ornaments very pale, yellowish tan, outlined with fine gold cord. It is a scroll pattern, bold and clear cut, and

all the central design is couched. The satin shows through the open of the lace and the shimmer of its surface combines with the gold to make a brilliant bit of decoration.

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INSTRUCTION

MISS GREGORY, ARTIST, will take a few more pupils in her art class; also, in portraiture. 225 Peachtree street.

FOR SALE - Machinery.

15 TO 30 HORSE-POWER ENGINE; must be a bargain; give lowest cost. S. Adams, Author, 100 Peachtree street.

FINANCIAL.

LIFE ENDOWMENT AND TONTINE INSURANCE policies purchased at highest cash, prices; loans or sums negotiated. Charles W. Seidel, 3½ Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga.

MONDAY'S SHOE SPECIALS

We offer a lot of Ladies' very fine quality French and Dongola Buttoon Boots, lasts A and B, sizes from 1 to 5. They were \$4 and \$4.50 per pair, but are slightly shop soiled and we make the price

\$1.73 PER PAIR.

J. M. HIGH & CO.

AMUSEMENTS OPERA HOUSE

Two Nights, Beginning Monday, February 20th, Matinee, Tuesday, March 1st.

TWELFTH SEASON. RAYL. ROYCE

America's Refined and Versatile Comedian, in

TOM'S VACATION.

A clean and artistic musical comedy medley in three acts. Supported by a First-Class Company of Well-Selected Artists.

Instrumental specialties! Comical sayings and situations! Real and beautiful enjoyment! Latest songs! Artistic sketches! Funny, ribald, risqué, clean and refined, under the management of

R. S. DRIGGS and S. C. BEHRENA.

PRICES: \$1, 150, 50c, 25c.

feb27-1f

One Night Only, Thursday, March 3

OVIDE MUSIN,

Supported by a Magnificent Company of European Artists, Including

Miss Annie Louise Tanner.

No increase of prices.

Friday and Saturday, | Matinee Saturday, March 4 and 5. 2:30 p. m.

The Great Madison Square Theater. Success

THE BURGLAR,

By Augustus Thomas, Author of "Alabama."

WITH -

Mr. A. S. Lipman and

Miss Helen Ottolengui,

McCharleston, S. C., supported by a sterling company of players. Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.

feb28 mar 3 4 5

BIDS

WILL BE RECEIVED UNTIL MARCH 20,

1892, FOR

BATH, BARBERSHOP AND CAFE PRIVILEGES

— IN THE —

Equitable Building,

Atlanta, Ga. This building is eight stories and a basement high; is strictly fireproof, and contains about 300 office rooms. It will be ready for occupancy May 1, 1892. Address

Litt Bloodworth, Jr.

Secretary East Atlanta Land Co.

feb28 610t

DIAMONDS! ▷

▷ DIAMONDS! ▷

▷ DIAMONDS!

Our assortment of DIAMOND JEWELRY is immense and we invite your inspection.

MAIER & BERKELE

JEWELERS, 93 WHITEHALL ST.

feb28 610t

Subscribe for stock in the new series of the Hibernia Building and Loan Association. Books now open at Capital City Bank. P. F. Clarke, Secretary and Treasurer.

dm

WANTED - Boarders.

CHANGED HANDS—The boarding house, 103 Peachtree street; large rooms, good table and reasonable prices for either day or regular boarders.

MRS. OWEN, of Philadelphia, has just opened a hotel in the Spring, 100 Peachtree street.

Her long experience in business in Philadelphia and Florida enables her to cater to both the northern and southern trade.

Her board will please call at 101 Spring street.

WANTED BOARDERS—Local, transient and day boarders can obtain first-class accommodations at 11 North Forsyth street.

WANTED BOARDERS—One of the most pleasant homes on Peachtree; have only three rooms, and would prefer a party of friends. Can give all the comfort and convenience. House and board will be charged extra. Address Deasches, care Constitution.

DELIGHTFUL FRONT room, with excellent A.

WANTED BOARDERS—A room for young men.

WANTED BOARDERS—Very convenient.

Call or address 61 E. Ellis st. —feb 28-1f

WEDDING—Choice rooms and good board at 71 Trinity avenue.

BOARDERS WANTED—One large nicely furnished room, good fare. 20 Peachtree street, corner Brothman.

BOARDERS WANTED—Desirable room, nicely furnished, with good board, can be obtained by applying 105 Spring st.

WATSON HOUSE—18½ W. Mitchell st.; nice room; rooms newly furnished; one night's room; first-class in every particular; rates very reasonable.

FURNISHED ROOM, with board, for one or two gentlemen, at 80 Peachtree street.

DESIRED—A room, with board, at 20 Church st., Desirably located, with a front room.

BOARDERS WANTED—Modern improvements; large rooms, furnished or unfurnished; also, a few boarders. Prices reasonable. House near in 105 Peachtree street.

FOR HANDSOME ROOMS and extra choice table go to the Handy Terrace, 103 to 115 Spring street. A strictly first-class family and transient hotel.

sat sun

WANTED—Boarders.

WANTED—By a gentleman, board and lodging.

WANTED—A room for young men, of city, references exchanged. Address J. B. W. Constitution.

BOARD WANTED—Three nicely furnished rooms with good board wanted by a small family of two adults, two children, nurse and infant. German or Jewish family preferred. Address "B. C. 1" Postbox 612, clif.

FRONT ROOM, new, modern, house and good board.

71 Luckie street.

WANTED—Active man, with \$2,000 to \$3,000, as business manager; established business; liberal salary.

WANTED—Salesmen on salary or commission to handle the new patent chemical ink erasing pencil; the greatest selling novelty ever produced; rates \$100 to \$400 per month; one agent's salary amounted to \$200 in half days, another \$30 in two hours. We want to sell to you. Address 105 Peachtree street.

WANTED—Desirable room to furniture in on its own terms and particular address the Monroe Eraser Co., La Crosse, Wis. X 16.

WANTED—One first-class carriage painter who will paint for you. Noted painter need apply. N. C. Spence, 103 and 105 Decatur st.

WANTED—A number of traveling salesmen, twenty-five cooks, also a man with a family to take care of, who are willing to work for a salary.

WANTED—If you want to employ help of any kind we will get it for you. No charge, no trouble. Employment Agency, 9½ Peachtree street.

BOARD WANTED—Three nicely furnished rooms with good board wanted by a small family of two adults, two children, nurse and infant. German or Jewish family preferred. Address "B. C. 1" Postbox 612, clif.

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WANTED—An experienced clothing man to travel in the southern states. Note that those having an established trade need apply. References required. Address 105 Peachtree street.

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WANTED—One nice, quiet, little room with a sunroom, with board, to couple without children in nice locality. Address Hare, care Constitution.

WANTED—A room for the mandolin. Address D. J. C., care Kimball house.

WANTED—A city drummer, must be a gentleman. Beps, this office.

SALESMEN—Energetic men. Free prep \$100,000 to \$1,000,000. One of our agents will be with you. Address 105 Peachtree street.

WANTED—A room for a young man, of city, references exchanged. Address J. G., 7½ West Pearl street, Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—A room for a painter, the Southern Paint and Glass Company, 39 South Broadstreet.

WANTED—All kinds of first-class help under the sun free. Exchange 14½ E. Alabama st.

WANTED—At once. Experienced R. R. stenographer, bright young stenographer under 20, typewriter, books, old woman, cook, waiter and all desired. Work 10½ Peachtree street. Exchange 14½ E. Alabama street. Headquarters for work in South.

WANTED—Five canvassers to sell furniture on its own terms. Apply Tuesday at 105 Peachtree street.

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◇◇◇ AUCTION SALE ◇◇◇

OF THE ENTIRE

FREEMAN & CRANKSHAW STOCK!

Consisting of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, Cut Glass, Fancy Stationery and Art Goods, will be sold to the highest bidder WITHOUT RESERVE, commencing

MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 29th, at 10:30 O'Clock,

and continuing daily from 10:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., and 7:30 p. m. This is

THE LARGEST STOCK OF FINE GOODS EVER OFFERED AT AUCTION SALE

in the southern states, and is a rare opportunity to buy the best goods at your own price. LADIES ESPECIALLY INVITED.

THOMAS D. MEADOR, Manager.

MR. J. H. FRENCH, Auctioneer.

NEWS OF THE COURTS.

ECHOES OF "THE PIRATES."

The Past Week Has Witnessed Many Ball

Trotter Cases,

AND THE MOST UNIQUE COMES NOW.

Several Cases Before the Tribunals of Justice—Healed Coals on His Head.

Some Verdicts.

The week just ended has been a week of ball trotter actions, and the deputy sheriffs have been kept pretty busy serving them.

Yesterday some valuable diamonds and a member of the demi-monde figured together in a ball trotter suit.

And the diamonds were of the first water, too.

The action was begun by L. Sudder, and were against Emma Russell.

The diamonds and jewelry in question was very valuable. The jewelry consisted of a brilliant solitaire diamond and a gold watch, and gold water.

The girl who had the jewelry, and claimed that she had never seen any of it, except the diamond ring mentioned in the paper.

It seems to be a case of where an admirer of the girl had presented her with jewelry, which he had no right to do for. At least, it was the girl's hat. She gave birth, however, for the amount involved, although stoutly denying all knowledge of the jewelry.

The Cora Was Damaged.

G. B. Everett & Co. yesterday filed a suit against the Miller Grain Company.

The suit is to recover money already paid to the last named firm on several purchases transactions. Numerous purchases of corn in carload lots are cited, and it is alleged that in none of them did the corn come up to what it was represented to be by the agent of the Miller Grain Company. One ear was badly damaged, and it is claimed that the corn ears were considerably off, it is claimed.

Everett & Co. want \$16,21 refunded to them to cover their losses on the corn.

She Poured Coal on Him.

W. R. Richardson has found matrimony to be a miserable failure.

One year of married life makes this fact plain to him.

His wife, heaped—not coals of fire—but coals up on his head.

He recites that he was married to his wife in the early part of last year, with every anticipation of happiness. Their life was like a summer dream for the first few months—no clouds disturbed its peacefulness.

With the first minor difficulties things was passably well until Thursday last.

He then, he says, and found his spouse—drunk, actually intoxicated. She proceeded to make things lively for him. She gathered the coal scuttle and, in her intenton to burn his head, flung the hot coals on him. The hot coals were still and flat. The hot coals ignited the true vine, and it entitled to all honor. The attack was in every instance perfect.

Then this act of the wanton not a little to the surprise of the neighbors.

The ordinary professional chorus stands like any many stumps, or moves like a lot of machinery, until their time comes.

He is the author of the musical comedy, "Under the Sun," and the author of the musical comedy, "Under the Sun."

To Mr. L. M. Major more credit is due than he has received in the notices of the opera.

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COLLEGE BASEBALL.

The Sturdy Athletes Are Training for the Diamond.

FOOTBALL GIVES WAY TO BASEBALL.

The University of Georgia Has Some Clever Players, and Will Challenge Alabama to Meet Them Again.

Now that the season of football has about closed, and the spirit in this great college game reached its climax with the famous contest between Auburn and Athens at Piedmont park, college athletes are turning their attention to baseball.

It is safe to predict that some very fine games will be played between the colleges of the south this year. There are now only a few months before the college commencement will put an end to college sports for '92, but during those months the boys will work harder than ever before, and already the dates are being fixed for some great intercollegiate games.

It is quite likely, too, that Atlanta will have her share of the fun, as this city seems to be the central point for these college games. The news come from the campus of the University of Georgia that the echo of ball and bat already sounds very lively on the diamond over there, and the boys are warming up with real enthusiasm in contemplation of challenging the Alabama boys of Auburn to play a game of ball early in the spring.

It is said that this game will be played in Atlanta and the place to be will be almost wild with excitement over the great game of football played between these two colleges will look forward with delight to the day that this game will be played.

The University of Georgia claims to have better baseball timber this year than ever before, and the great game of football played between the two colleges will look forward with delight to the day that this game will be played.

W. N. GRAMMING, won every game played, will be recalled most strikingly.

Among the best players at Athens are A. O. Halsey, Ed. Halsey, Charley Herty, Frank Herty, "Lucky" Foster, Frank Callaway and W. F. Foster. At present these men are being put to excellent training, and the games played on the campus every afternoon are so close and exciting between the different teams that they draw hundreds of people to witness them in all kinds of weather.

They Are Irrepressible.

The college athletes of the university are irrepressible. Never in the history of the college were they beaten in any intercollegiate game, and the game of football played between themselves and Auburn the other day in Atlanta, in which they played so creditably, and their defeat was not defeat at all. They have not lost heart at the adverse result of that game.

A. O. HALSEY.

game, including football, and the wane of the season, the boys have entered the field with renewed energy and a hearty zest.

It is funny to see the boys, as they go about organizing for the spring season of baseball. They have organized two teams merely for the purpose of practicing.

One of them they have named "Lucy Cobb" and the other "Home School," after the two popular female schools of that city.

These two teams meet on the diamond every afternoon. Of course, everybody in Athens interested in the sport goes out to see the games, and about the time of the season close, and everybody who has seen them play is willing to stake faith on their success.

A Challenge to Auburn.

It is no longer a secret that the University of Georgia, not contented with their defeat at Auburn's hands, have made up their minds to challenge the boys to play the champion game of baseball in the season close, and everybody who has seen them play is willing to stake faith on their success.

Some Good Players.

The two Halsey boys are from Charleston, and as basemen they cannot be beaten anywhere in the southern states. A. O. Halsey is a graduate of Emory and is a good player.

Last year he was pitcher for the University half of the season, and made a splendid record with his deceptive curves and wonderfully swift balls. His brother, Ed Halsey, also won golden opinions catching "high flies" in the championship game played at Oxford between Emory and the university.

Everybody Knows Herty.

Everybody knows Charley Herty, the center fielder from the university last year. Herty is a graduate of Johns Hopkins university, where he was prominent in athletic sport.

A. O. Halsey, his brother, has no chance whatever, however near is to go to the blue dome of the skies, themselves, when Charley Herty is in the center field. His brother is a good player, and with his skill and swiftness matches with the ball in hurling it back to the bases also fit him for the task that falls to a center fielder.

Gramming, who held the record for the University last year, is CHARLES HERTY, well known in athletic circles in Athens for the clever work he did last year in helping to defeat Emory. Gramming is from Charleston, and is known in South Carolina for his wonderful record in ball players over there.

They Work for Every.

Frank Herty, commonly termed "Little Herty" was the pitcher for Athens last year. The boy is almost worshipped by all lovers of athletic sport in the city of Athens, and among the college boys. Conidering his size and weight, he is, beyond all doubt, the most phenomenal pitcher known to college athletes in the southern states. But HERTY, pitching is not his chief strength, after all, in playing ball.

One of these changeable silks show graceful wave-line figures in white on Louis XIV. patterns in contrasting lines.

Some of the loveliest of these show a great favor for morning house gowns when they are trimmed with soft lace, and afternoon carriage gowns when they show ribbon bows and dark velvet to harmonize with the flowers in their make-up.

The newest wrinkle for walking gowns will be the richly brocaded vests to be worn with smart tailor-made suits. The fabrics for these vests come in various patterns, magnificent in their quiet richness and much like the fine gold cloths worn by the noblemen of the old French court. The warp is of the richest and heaviest silk woven with fine gold threads, and showing small raised satin figures in delicate colors.

These silks are simply superb this year. The hand-sewn are the heavy corded velvets, gorgeous fabrics for bridal robes and costumes for stately matrons.

One of the handsomest ladies on Peachtree chose from these silks a rich red velvet, with trimmings of deep-cut jet, and jet panels and a very full skirt.

A dinner gown selected by a fair young widow, who puts aside her weeds and goes into gray at Easter, was a most delicate silver-gray crystal, being alive with trimmings of gray pearl beading.

The taffetas, shown in all shades, are lovely for fresh afternoon frocks and tea gowns, while no bride's trousseau is complete without several petticoats with pinked ruffles made of this crisp, delightful silk.

All Foster will doubtless be put in the box year for the university. He is a new man at college, but has a record on the diamond that is very enviable.

He went to Athens with the intention of being the best amateur pitcher in Georgia, and the Athletic association over there has been congratulating itself ever since. Foster has a way of "putting in curves" fully calculated to amaze the hardest hitter in the world. He makes a specialty of his fast ball, "upper shots," and is said that more good ball hitters

have retired before his invincible curves than is claimed by any other amateur ball tosser in southern colleges. Foster is tall and good looking, and has a tremendous muscle which enables him to be the good ball twister that he is.

"Fatty" Callaway as Catch.

Frank Callaway of LaGrange, is one of the best catchers the university has ever had, and it safe to say that he will be made catcher this year. Callaway never lets a ball pass him. He is square and stout and never wavers, no matter how hard the balls come in. Among the fatalities at college Callaway is known as "Fatty."

With all this array of good players, and many more, it is no hard task to predict that Athens will come in for her share of the glory on the diamond this summer.

Indeed, if Auburn accepts the University's challenge, which will be sent pretty soon, and the game is to be played in Atlanta, it will be safe to say that Atlanta to play this inter-collegiate game, the people of this city will certainly have an opportunity of seeing the greatest game of baseball ever witnessed in the southern states. It is said that Auburn claims as many good ball players as the University of Georgia, and that the two teams will meet when this game is called. Auburn has already shown

"Fatty" Foster, her athletic strength this year, and it is not doubtful that she will show up a strong team with her baseball team as she did on the big "gridiron" with her football fellows.

At any rate it is pleasant to contemplate this game. The people of Atlanta have suddenly become much interested in college athletic sports, and this interest is certain to increase when a good old-fashioned college baseball is played here within their reach. The game will be witnessed by thousands.

THE STORY OF THE GRAVES.

Winter, from his icy palaces, looked down and saw a world of graves. In the splendid sunlight, rare roses gleamed in scarlet and in gold; trees crowned with white and purple blossoms, leaned their tresses to the laughing winds and showered sweet dew drops upon the earth below; birds sang, and waves of melody went wandering to the skies. But on the cold plains the lone graves gleamed and saddened all the sunshine; and on the shadowed bosoms of the velvet valleys, voiceless, save for the wailing of the world above them, they looked toward heaven.

And the winter saw men kneeling and women weeping unconfined by the side of the graves, and it wept for sympathy, and called the clouds together and said:

"Hide with O' clouds, O' clouds! these graves that make the midnight sad; that make the birds sing dirges; that make men sigh and women weep; that sadden earth and heaven. Hide them, O' clouds! beneath your icy snows!"

And the clouds rained on the graves and hid them away from the world under an icy canopy of white.

But men sighed still; and women wept.

There were no violets in the valleys; no roses in the meadows; no blossoms on the trees; no bird-songs in the air—no graves to make the sunlight sad.

And the winter wondered why men sighed and women wept unconfined by the side of the graves.

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A SUMMER GARDEN.

Some Timely Suggestions About Flowers and Their Meanings.

NOTES OF SOME PRACTICAL VALUE

To the Woman Who Would Drive Away Ennui—The Picture of One Woman. Notes of Others and Society.

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books and some flowers at the window. Her table was dressed in exquisite damask, and furnished with splendid old silver and fine China. The violets thereon were smoking hot, ineffably delicious, and fruits and flowers made color poems.

And after all this to board! It was terrible. I'd as soon put the Venus de Milo into lodgings.

I noticed some lovely gown as I sat at this same table.

The hostess wore a gown just from Gotham, with those indescribable, changeable silks made princess, with a slight drapery effect caught up on the right side a few inches below the waist. The long, high-puffed sleeves had full frills of heavy cream lace falling over the shoulders, and giving a round effect from the high collar, some four inches down to the front and back. Nothing is so wonderfully effective and becoming as these changeable silks, and this was the first one worn here this season.

The bride just returned from abroad, was royally robed in a gown well suited to her graceful and stately presence. The Louis XV coat was quite the longest ever worn here, and was of French blue velvet, the seams being outlined with silver braid. The cutaway front showed a plaited vest of grey bengaline and the semi-trained skirt had a simple finish headed with a small ruff.

A perfect gown in a quiet tailor-made style was worn by a matron just returned from New York. It was a crepe cloth of invisible blue with a jaunty jacket having a vest of soft blue silk prettily caught with a jet ornament on the left side. The hat to match was a small flat shape fitting closely to the head and having a high aigrette in the back.

Roses in this climate, should not be set out until the last of March. Now is the time for transplanting to the open beds pansy plants, violets, tulips, crocuses and hyacinths; nasturtium seeds can be sown in pots or bowls now and transplanted in March.

All outdoor lily bulbs can be set out and hardy shrubs can be put in the ground now.

Fruit trees should be planted now and also such vegetables as cabbage, asparagus, lettuce, onions, beets and spinach. Corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, squash and egg plants must be put in an open garden the last of March.

Chrysanthemums should be dug up and separated at this season, and the young plants put about six inches apart in a trench that has been richly fertilized.

Holopet should be set out in May. This is very sensitive to frost, but it does not require a rich soil, and is one of the steadiest blooming plants for a summer garden.

Geraniums, especially the single varieties, are the most entirely satisfactory plant for the whole summer. They bloom continuously, and require little attention. But of all graceful, cheery blossoms I would choose the nasturtium—the motley jester of blossoms, whose buds come in quick succession like a clever lawyer's jokes, and whose colors change as often as a maiden's mind. These flowers are as full of infinite variety as Cleopatra herself, and her garments could not have been more gorgeous than they.

Flowers have their serious sides, too. There are lily mums, and the magnolia is the high priestess of nature whose fragrant life is offered to heaven. Lilies are wilts, wind flowers are ghosts, and cage jessamines are fair women who have died by some sweet poison.

And orchids—what shall I say of them? They are strange creatures and I know them not intimately, but I saw one yesterday that must have been nourished by the brains of Lucretia Borgia. It possessed a voluptuous beauty of color and contour.

The upper leaves were dull, mottled red, the lower petals like royal purple velvet. Deep down in its cup a firefly struggled for freedom. I shuddered. Women and flowers—the most beautiful of God's creation. Yet the curse of Cain had come to some of them.

Above this one wind flower swung like a jewel censer, another orchid with many rich blossoms, the roots in a tiny moss basket. These blooms were delicately beautiful and innocent of men save for their succulent caps. They hung in the center of a greenhouse of palm and ferns. No other flowers disturbed the cool serenity of their surroundings. They seemed like wicked women come to confess in a lonely cathedral.

What stories they tell those priest-palms of nights. What mockery of morniment breaks from their dark cups. What enchantment of beauty in us they use for the sustenance of their lives neither you nor I can tell. And those who could not, so we must leave them; for we are human and their secrets might harm us, as they could not harm the palms who are the holy spirits of nature.

Turn them to white spice roses—perfect flowers for grace and strength; and to spice pinks so full of clean thoughts and wholesome inspiration.

It is really wonderful how much flowers have to do with one's feelings. Poets innu-
merable have told us all about this in various
sonnets. It was but a few days ago that a staid man declared that the color of yellow jessamine would make him kiss Bala Lockwood. A woman, too, who is by no means sentimental, declares that this same flower would make her fall in love over again each season.

Honeysuckle is also productive of wonderful sensations, and its power on a moonlight June night is almost limitless. Its potency was indisputably proven on one occasion when banks of it put forth their feather trumpets every spring in the garden of a mansion where dwelt four most homely maidens. They are all married now, and I am told that each became engaged in the month of June. On this account I am thinking of distilling the odor and sweets of this blossom and advertising it freely as a love potion.

There is nothing very dangerous about the odor of roses and violets. They do not chloroform the emotions, but they assist at the fulfilling of a love whose passion is guided by the soul and whose life is as pure and immortal as the stars.

At Five O'Clock Tea.

We sat at the same little table. I had never known her well, but I loved her because she was beautiful, with a serene and pliant beauty that made me feel that the world was a good place because it contained her.

She told me she was to leave Atlanta soon, added that she was sorry for most reasons, but overflowing glad for one, wit: that she was going back to her home—her housekeeping that she had been doing for some twenty years had given up to come here and board her husband's business called him to Atlanta.

"It was pretty hard upon me to have to give up the home that seemed part of my very self, once here and live in one room," she said. And then it came upon me how terribly it must have been, and I wanted to put arm about her and just cry a little bit with for very joy over her going back to the place where she belonged.

I remembered, now, that she didn't look like part of the life that belonged to the Ramballae parlor or the great dining room, nor to these elegant boarding houses, where home comforts are guaranteed by the proprietors. I saw just what a life she belonged to the life that kept the roses of girlhood on cheeks, and the purity and brightness of early youth in her eyes. She was the sort of woman to draw beautiful things about her in her home. She comes to tell her confidences, and children played in her work-basket. She spent her mornings in a sunny room furnished in heavy mahogany. There were plenty of

books and some flowers at the window. Her table was dressed in exquisite damask, and furnished with splendid old silver and fine China. The violets thereon were smoking hot, ineffably delicious, and fruits and flowers made color poems.

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The upper leaves were dull, mottled red, the lower petals like royal purple velvet. Deep down in its cup a firefly struggled for freedom. I shuddered. Women and flowers—the most beautiful of God's creation. Yet the curse of Cain had come to some of them.

Above this one wind flower swung like a jewel censer, another orchid with many rich blossoms, the roots in a tiny moss basket. These blooms were delicately beautiful and innocent of men save for their succulent caps. They hung in the center of a greenhouse of palm and ferns. No other flowers disturbed the cool serenity of their surroundings. They seemed like wicked women come to confess in a lonely cathedral.

What stories they tell those priest-palms of nights. What mockery of morniment breaks from their dark cups. What enchantment of beauty in us they use for the sustenance of their lives neither you nor I can tell. And those who could not, so we must leave them; for we are human and their secrets might harm us, as they could not harm the palms who are the holy spirits of nature.

Turn them to white spice roses—perfect flowers for grace and strength; and to spice pinks so full of clean thoughts and wholesome inspiration.

It is really wonderful how much flowers have to do with one's feelings. Poets innu-
merable have told us all about this in various
sonnets. It was but a few days ago that a staid man declared that the color of yellow jessamine would make him kiss Bala Lockwood. A woman, too, who is by no means sentimental, declares that this same flower would make her fall in love over again each season.

Honeysuckle is also productive of wonderful sensations, and its power on a moonlight June night is almost limitless. Its potency was indisputably proven on one occasion when banks of it put forth their feather trumpets every spring in the garden of a mansion where dwelt four most homely maidens. They are all married now, and I am told that each became engaged in the month of June. On this account I am thinking of distilling the odor and sweets of this blossom and advertising it freely as a love potion.

There is nothing very dangerous about the odor of roses and violets. They do not chloroform the emotions, but they assist at the fulfilling of a love whose passion is guided by the soul and whose life is as pure and immortal as the stars.

At Five O'Clock Tea.

We sat at the same little table. I had never known her well, but I loved her because she was beautiful, with a serene and pliant beauty that made me feel that the world was a good place because it contained her.

She told me she was to leave Atlanta soon, added that she was sorry for most reasons, but overflowing glad for one, wit: that she was going back to her home—her housekeeping that she had been doing for some twenty years had given up to come here and board her husband's business called him to Atlanta.

"It was pretty hard upon me to have to give up the home that seemed part of my very self, once here and live in one room," she said. And then it came upon me how terribly it must have been, and I wanted to put arm about her and just cry a little bit with for very joy over her going back to the place where she belonged.

I remembered, now, that she didn't look like part of the life that belonged to the Ramballae parlor or the great dining room, nor to these elegant boarding houses, where home comforts are guaranteed by the proprietors. I saw just what a life she belonged to the life that kept the roses of girlhood on cheeks, and the purity and brightness of early youth in her eyes. She was the sort of woman to draw beautiful things about her in her home. She comes to tell her confidences, and children played in her work-basket. She spent her mornings in a sunny room furnished in heavy mahogany. There were plenty of

books and some flowers at the window. Her table was dressed in exquisite damask, and furnished with splendid old silver and fine China. The violets thereon were smoking hot, ineffably delicious, and fruits and flowers made color poems.

And after all this to board! It was terrible. I'd as soon put the Venus de Milo into lodgings.

I noticed some lovely gown as I sat at this same table.

The hostess wore a gown just from Gotham, with those indescribable, changeable silks made princess, with a slight drapery effect caught up on the right side a few inches below the waist. The long, high-puffed sleeves had full frills of heavy cream lace falling over the shoulders, and giving a round effect from the high collar, some four inches down to the front and back. Nothing is so wonderfully effective and becoming as these changeable silks, and this was the first one worn here this season.

The bride just returned from abroad, was royally robed in a gown well suited to her graceful and stately presence. The Louis XV coat was quite the longest ever worn here, and was of French blue velvet, the seams being outlined with silver braid. The cutaway front showed a plaided vest of grey bengaline and the semi-trained skirt had a simple finish headed with a small ruff.

A perfect gown in a quiet tailor-made style was worn by a matron just returned from New York. It was a crepe cloth of invisible blue with a jaunty jacket having a vest of soft blue silk prettily caught with a jet ornament on the left side. The hat to match was a small flat shape fitting closely to the head and having a high aigrette in the back.

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THE FAIR

"RAISING
CAIN."

THE FAIR

Better'n Raising
Cotton.

"Raising Cain" is a smart phrase. You'd think so as applied to

OUR MONDAY BARGAINS.

We shall "raise Cain" in the morning. The hour is set, and you are warned now.

It takes a day for the other stores to tell you what The Fair can say in a minute. Hark!

15 pieces heavy \$1.25 gros grain Silk, 73c yard. 5,000 yards of Lonsdale Bleaching, 7c yard.

2,500 yards of 10-4 bleached Sheetings, 19c.

10-4 Bed Comfortables, at 50c.

New "two-toned" Bedford Cords, 40 inches wide, worth \$1.25 yard, at 75c.

Dress Goods Remnants, 20 per cent discount.

New India Silks at 48c yard.

Any piece of \$1 Black Henrietta in our stock, tomorrow, at 83c. Don't delay your visit to our Black Dress Goods department.

Amoskeag checked Ginghams, at 5c.

Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, at 4c.

Cuticura Soap at 10c. Boys' Shirt Waists at 19c. New Brushes of all kinds, including Hair Brushes, at 19c; Flesh Brushes, at 69c.

Large Chamois Skins, at 25c.

The Usual \$1 French-woven Corset at 50c.

Bed Ticking, tomorrow, 5c yard.

Gloria Umbrellas, natural sticks, at 74c.

The usual 50c School Hat, for children, at 39c.

The usual \$1 Laundry Shirts at 59c.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, \$1.50.

Velveteen, 25c. Surah Silk, 25c.

New Tin Water Sets, at \$1.75; worth \$2.50.

10-piece China Toilet Sets, decorated, at \$3.48; worth \$5. Wash Bowls and Pitchers, best, at 98c.

Tin Cake Moulds at 10c. Muffin Pans at 34c.

The usual \$1 Coffee Mill at 48c.

Feather Dusters at 12c. Tacks, 6 papers for 10c.

Best Whalebone at 9c.

All Cloaks, 25 per cent discount.

Lace Curtains at 74c pair. Hearth Brooms at 10c.

Ladies' Light-weight Skirts at 48c; the \$1 Skirt is now 74c.

Blacking Brushes, from 18c up.

Don't forget our \$1.25 Silks are 73c.

Our Bargains are endless.

THE FAIR,

"Cain Raisers" in Prices, and Wicked Fellows When it Comes to HONEST BARGAINS.

RAILROAD NEWS.

A New York Man Is Now Mentioned for President of the R. and D.

THE WASHINGTON AND GREAT SOUTHERN

It Should Have Atlanta in It—The Atlanta and Florida Is in Good Physical Condition.

R. S. Hayes, president of the New York and Northern railroad, is now mentioned as the coming president of the reorganized Richmond Terminal Company.

There was a report on Wall street, New York, yesterday, that Mr. Hayes has been offered the position and that he has not made up his mind yet whether or not he will accept.

And again word comes from New York that the O'Cotter committee will make its report in a few days. This has got to be a chestnut, and the announcement has been made so often that it does not attract any particular attention.

Here is something, though, that is new in connection with the proposed reorganization, and it is the consolidated lines are to be styled the Washington and Great Southern Railroad Company. There is one weak point, though, about this name which you will recognize at a glance. The word Atlanta is not in it. It should be. Washington, Atlanta and Great Southern would sound very well, on the Great Atlanta and Southern would do.

Atlanta is deeply interested, too, in the location of the headquarters. All the headquarters that are here will remain, but the opinion of the railroad men is that the chief offices of the consolidated lines should be in this city.

ASSISTANT COUNSEL APPOINTED.

Solicitor General Wrenock Will Report to Himself to Railroad Litigation.

Hon. Emmet Wrenock will resign the position of solicitor general of the Flint circuit, the resignation to take effect April 1st. He has been counsel for the Chattanooga, Rome and Columbus railroad for about a year. Jackson, Barrow & Company appointed him assistant division counsel for the Atlanta and Danville with headquarters in Atlanta and he contemplates moving here from Covington.

The other division attorneys of the Richmond and Danville Central division are: Lawton & Cunningham, Atlanta; Judge R. F. Lyon, Macon; J. C. Biggs, Augusta; Judge Joel Bratt, of the Rome division; Judge John L. Hall, of the Griffin division.

WILL LEAVE MACON.

Spanked Workmen of the Central Railroad Will Seek Labor Elsewhere.

MACON, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]—The spanked workmen of the Central railroad shops at Macon can get no encouragement or assurance as to when they will be reinstated in their positions.

Therefore they have given up their hope of getting work at the railroad. Quite a number have recently gone to Florida where they obtained work. Several more will leave Macon next week for new fields. Among the number who have left are John McCullough, John Goodear, Wesley Lewis and Curtis Lester. They propose conducting a carriage and wagon manufacturing business at Gordon. The situation of some of the railroad employees is very bad indeed. They have neither money nor work. It is said to be 90 per cent of the original number of workmen are now engaged at the shops, and these are employed at wages of \$1.25 a day. It is said to be plenty of work at the shops for the men to do, but the road just can't have it done.

The Situation Unchanged.

Nothing new sums up the Atlanta and Florida situation. Receiver Plant has not

THE NEW CYCLODrama.

"The Battle of Atlanta" Proves Very Popular Here in Atlanta.

The new cyclodrama, since its introduction to the public, has been largely attended by all classes.

In every instance every attendant has gone away well pleased, and of the hundreds and hundreds of people who have seen this grand picture, there is not one who does not pronounce it the finest and most realistic battle scene they ever witnessed.

Mr. Atkinson must assuredly have a bonanza in "The Battle of Atlanta."

There are not many people who will visit the city, or residents, that will not pay their respects to this wonderful exhibition of the battle scene. The crowds are daily increasing, and the crowds are daily increasing, and Mr. Atkinson, the genial and popular owner and manager, tells a very pathetic and interesting incident attending upon the daily routine occurrences that are witnessed about the place.

"A gentleman and lady," said Mr. Atkinson, "came in here the other day and brought with them a little child who was, most probably, the first knickerbocker. While surveying the pictures as they leisurely walked around, the little fellow's eye was attracted to the picture of the dead general lying near the Georgia railroad track on the south side.

"You know," he continued, "that this picture only represents half of the man's body, and I had the other part made, so as to make it appear as realistic as possible. The little fellow's eye seemed to be deeply touched by the sight of a real dead man, began crying bitterly, and could not be convinced that what it was a dead person. And before he would stop crying the janitor had to separate the parts to the dead and tell him that he was a dead general lying near the Georgia railroad track on the south side.

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"Now you get upstairs and keep out of the draughts. You don't have to open your mouth except to eat."

He smiled and went over to the elevator.

In the short talk he had said: "I am sure of winning. Fitzsimmons is a good fighter, but I think I am a better one. How am I feeling?" "Fine. My legs are good and my wind is fine."

Madden said: "I have \$100 to bet that nobody minds Billy Madden implicitly. When the fighter came in from his run he stopped in the lobby of the Kimball to chat. Billy said to him:

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MRS. FELTON'S TALK.

The Appeals to the State Pride of Georgians

IN THE INTEREST OF A GEORGIA EXHIBIT.

The Listened To by a Large Audience at the Capitol Last Night—Governor Northern Talks.

Mrs. Felton's earnestness and eloquence can get up a Georgia exhibit, Georgia will stand among the first states at the world's fair.

She made an eloquent appeal to the patriotism and state pride of Georgians in the interest of a state exhibit at the Columbian exposition last night.

She spoke with the deep earnestness born of sincere interest, and the large audience listened spellbound with admiration.

The speaking began at 8 o'clock. By that time the legislative hall had filled up with people, chairs being placed along the aisles, and in the vacant space around the speaker's stand. The gallery seats were pretty well filled.

A goodly sprinkling of ladies were in the audience and heard the Georgia lady speak of the great possibilities of the state with pride and satisfaction evident on their faces. The audience was composed of the best people in the city, and the most respectful attention was paid to the speaker.

Colonel West's Introduction.

Colonel A. J. West called the meeting to order, and Dr. J. W. Lee offered a feeling prayer. Colonel West introduced Mrs. Felton.

"We live," said she, "in a great country, a country where the birds sing sweetest, and where the roses grow reddest, and the women are the prettiest. We live in the greatest city on the continent, surrounded by a most fertile farming region. But now we have a great opportunity. We are invited to show something of these great advantages of location and climate at the world's fair. Let us say to others to come to our favored section. It gives me exceeding great pleasure to introduce Mrs. Dr. Felton, who is so thoroughly enlisted in this work."

Loud applause followed the mention of Mrs. Felton's name, and as the audience caught sight of the silver-haired lady, whose face was penciled with many tender and delicate lines, the applause became terrific and lasted for several moments.

Mrs. Felton Begins.

"I hope," said Mrs. Felton, deeply affected, by the reception given her, "that I shall not disappoint you tonight. The matter of which I am going to speak concerns you just as it does me. I am not here to advocate Chicago's interest—I represent only Georgia's interest."

If I did not believe that a Georgia exhibit would benefit Georgia I would not open my lips on this subject, my friends. Whatever I am I am a Georgian. Your people are my people; your God my God. Here I expect to be buried."

"Now, what is done for Georgia must be done by her own people. This world's fair matter is no exception to that rule. Other states have made appropriations for a state exhibit, all of them, even down to little Delaware, California and Pennsylvania have each appropriated \$200,000 each, and they will get it back with interest. Illinois appropriated \$80,000, and besides that Chicago is giving \$100,000, and the rest of the states are wise in their day and generation. They are wise in their day and generation. Where is the Georgian that can afford to sink and hide out while the other states of this union are coming to the front?

Shall Georgia Remain Silent?

"Who is the Georgian that can stand by and see all the nations the earth answer to them in this grand convection at Chicago, and Georgia remain silent when her name is called?

"When England shall ask for the state founded and made glorious by Oglethorpe, shall she be told that Georgia was but is not?

"A Georgia that has no state, no state, shall Georgia hide their faces in shame?

"Germany, Spain, Italy—all foreign nations will be there and all will be anxious to know of Georgia, one of the original thirteen states.

"Georgia can hold a proud head among the nations of the earth. What is Georgia doing in making their magnificent exhibits paid for by state appropriations, Georgia enjoys the unique position of resting upon the loyal hearts of her sons and daughters. Georgia has no state appropriations. Let this \$100,000 be a strong offering from her."

Waterworks and Electric Lights.

CUTHBERT, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]—Cuthbert is a young negro, was found lying dead in a field, near the town, last evening. He was at first thought to be drunk, but upon being removed to the waiting room next door, his right arm was found to be badly broken in a half dozen different places.

Baldwin was unconscious and unable to explain how the accident occurred. It is presumed that he was in a state of醉.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD. NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, &c. &c. &c.

CURES THE WORST PAINS IN from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Headache, Diarrhea, Colic, Flatulence and All Internal pains. 60c per bottle. Sold by Druggists

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Taken according to directions they will restore Health and renew Vitality.

One gross box, Sold by all druggists, or mailed by RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York, on receipt of price.

ed-dly sun wks top col n mle ft hand lastg'd

J. C. Hendrix & Co.

The season is on hand for our friends to trade in dirt. We have a complete list of all descriptions, from a mansion to a cabin, from a fifty-thousand-dollar lot to a one-hundred-dollar lot. The Equitable Land Company's property, known as C. H. Smith's, is for sale. The Atlanta property is platted and ready for sale. Call and consult us before you buy. J. C. Hendrix & Co., No. 7, South Broad Street.

At Auction.

Tuesday, March 15th, at 4 o'clock, p. m., three-story brick building, on lot 303139, corner Marietta and Peachtree streets, John D. Smith.

This is a splendid piece of central business property. The Atlanta saw works occupy thirty feet of the building, formally used by Mr. D. Smith, for whom the price \$800 under a lease which runs until the year 1894.

The building on the other fifty feet is a strong, three-story new brick building put up by Dorf for his saw works, but in consequence of the failing health of Mrs. Dorf, he finds it necessary to return to Baltimore, and has concluded to sell the property. The fact is, there is not in Atlanta a building to be found, built to hold heavy machinery. Opposite is the new Kisen building, occupied by Tonkin's factory. The location is on Marietta street, and the central location gives promise for a rapid increase in value, besides good interest on the investment.

It is much better to buy a well-built building, put up by a man who has the money, than to buy a house, where to put the cost. We only ask you to look at the property and see for yourselves.

Terms one-third cash, balance to suit purchaser by paying 1% per cent interest semi-annually. Titles perfect.

J. C. HENDRIX & CO.

Central Business Property.
At half its value. Large business lot positively located in the heart of the business section. If taken at once, actually worth \$250. Only about six hundred feet from the carshed. Telephone 203.

Bill Arp's new book, 850 pp., striking illustrations, elegant binding, gilt lettering. All his best writings are in this book. Have you subscribed? You want to. Price \$1.50, postpaid. Send the amount to the Constitution, 46-48-50 Whitehall St.

AT THE STATEHOUSE.

What Went on at the Capitol Yesterday.

THE COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

Nothing Heard from Governor Tillman About the Requisition-The World's Fair.

Commissioners of education in every county of Georgia will be elected on the 10th of March.

This is in accordance with an order of the state school commissioner recently sent out. The preparations for this election are now in course of progress.

State School Commissioner Bradwell has made out his examination blanks and will send them out to the boards of education this week.

It chances that all of the county commissioners' terms expire in March, except three and the arrangement which Commissioner Bradwell is instituting will work more satisfactorily than the one heretofore in the operation of which new examination blanks had to be made out whenever a county commissioner's term expired.

By bunching the examinations a great deal of unnecessary labor has been saved.

A World's Fair Committee.

Governor Northern, as chairman of the state committee looking to securing a Georgia exhibit at the world's fair, has appointed another committee to assist in the work.

It is a committee on cotton manufactures, and consists of the following prominent cotton men throughout the state.

H. H. Hickman, chairman, Augusta, Ga.; W. C. Sibley, president Sibley mill, Augusta, Ga.; J. P. Verder, president Enterprise mill, Augusta; Charles Estes, president J. P. King mill, Atlanta; Stewart Phinney, president Augusta factory, Augusta; W. E. McCoy, president Riverside mills, Augusta; P. L. Bloomfield, president, Athens, Ga.; J. R. White, president, Athens; D. N. Speer, Atlanta; Jacob Elas, Atlanta; R. B. Smith, (Atlanta cotton mills), Atlanta; R. B. Bullock, Atlanta; J. H. Porter, Atlanta; J. W. Robertson, Clarksville, Ga.; J. H. Rhodes, Columbus, Ga.; G. M. Williams, Columbus, Ga.; J. F. Hanmer, Birmingham, Ga.; J. K. Kilian, Ga.; J. M. McIntyre, Savannah, Ga.; A. S. Hamilton, Trion, Ga.; T. R. Jones, Dalton; S. Lanier, West Point; J. G. Truitt, LaGrange; A. D. Candler, Gainesville.

Governor Tillman Not Heard From.

Governor Tillman has not been heard from yet in reply to Governor Northern's letter regarding the unaccepted requisition papers sent to him by the governor of Georgia for Lewis Mellichamp.

The case is an interesting one, and is taking on a new and interesting development.

Governor Northern is determined to insist no further upon the requisition.

It is no risk to say that the subject will be arrested promptly if he is ever caught in Atlanta, where the crime was committed.

The Southern Express Rates.

As stated in THE CONSTITUTION several days ago in advance, the railroad commission has finished the work of arranging the express rates in this state, and the result shows considerable reduction in long-distance express freight, but lets the minimum charge of 25 cents per package stand regardless of distance.

The commission has decided to make the schedule known publicly through the papers very soon. It is a very important change

in the history of express companies doing business in Georgia.

Governor Northern Going to Camilla.

Governor Northern will leave Monday for Camilla where he intends to speak to the people of that county in response to an invitation which he has received.

Governor Northern will speak on the issues of the day, and will be heard by a large audience.

IN MEMORIAM.

Tribute to Mrs. M. L. Blanchard.

In memory of my dear sister, Mrs. Martha L. Blanchard, who departed this life February 14, 1892, at her home in Atlanta. She was the daughter of Major Naid Hill and Martha Lane Hill, who died many years ago. She was born the 5th of May 1833, in Putnam county, Georgia; she married early in life, M. C. Blanchard, who survives her.

She was a woman of culture, great fortitude and remarkable energy, gentle and kind in all the relations of life, and true to her duties as child, wife, mother and sister; she had five children, all of whom are dead except her son, Mr. Naid H. Blanchard, who resides in Atlanta, a member of the Baptist church, and was a member of the Second Baptist of Atlanta at the time of her death.

Her life has indeed been one of trials and afflictions. Besides the loss of children and parents and other dear relatives, she lived all the time Atlanta was besieged in a boomproof in her yard, and cooked and served the men who were there without assistance, while the cotton seedlings, which were crashing through her house, her husband being absent in the service. These are a few of the many trials this Christian woman endured, still with a fortitude heroic in its character, and a firm reliance on a merciful provider, who met every trial with a smile.

God has given her many trials to come, but her sympathy and affection have cheered me under the greatest and severest of afflictions, and I have been greatly strengthened by her example to help others in their trials.

As a wife and mother she was kind and gentle, and performed her every duty promptly and faithfully. Her neighbors loved her tenaciously. Her husband was always open to aid the needy, and her charities were many, though rendered without ostentation.

I hope she will attend her in the down hill of life; but, alas, about twelve months ago a heart trouble appeared, with which she suffered greatly which caused her to give up all her work, and which took her life.

No panegyric I could write would render more lasting the sweet memory of the departed to those who knew her.

She leaves two sisters, Mrs. Al A. Norcross and Mrs. C. H. Chisholm, and an only brother, all of whom being much older than herself, remember her with fondness and admiration.

She will be missed by her tender care, her much cheer and pleasure to the family circle by her winsome ways and cheery laugh, as she tossed her weak and failing form about the room, and the smile on her face with tender care from infancy to womanhood and have ever felt most keenly her sad and many trials.

She has died in the quiet crown of glory awaiting the righteous, her loss is her gain, and that now her trials are ended, she enjoys peace and happiness with the redeemed.

D. F. HILL.

East Point, February 27, 1892.

TO MARDI GRAS.

Excursion to New Orleans and Mobile.

A. and W. P. and L. and N. Railroads.

The Atlanta, New Orleans and Louisville and Nashville railroads will run excursion trains from Atlanta to New Orleans, via Mobile, February 24th inclusive at one round trip.

Account mardi gras, March 1st.

Round trip, \$10.00, excursion, \$10.00, round trip, \$15.00.

Double round trip, \$20.00.

Double round trip, \$25.00.

Property in all parts of the city. Call and see us.

feet-6in.

CATARRH AS A CAUSE

Of Nervous Debility—An American Malady.

Debility of the nervous system from intemperate habits of any kind or exposure to cold, are quite likely to cause a condition of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat so nearly resembling catarrh that they are practically identical.

Also chronic diseases which depress the nervous system will produce the same result, notably female weakness. They cause a flabby, pale condition of the mucous surfaces, with a sticky, stringy mucous secretion, which produce much hawking or coughing, generally called catarrh, but the whole trouble is caused by nervous depression, pure and simple.

Besides the usual symptoms of catarrh, the patient is brownish and before his eyes, slight dizziness, roaring in the ears, attacks of nervous headache, prostration of the heart, flashes of heat, followed by slight, chilly sensations, faintness, depression, drowsiness, foolish fears, and many other similar ones.

In such cases local treatment can do nothing but harm, the only hope of cure being the internal use of Dr. Phinney's, according to the directions on the bottle.

Every one beginning treatment for catarrh in any of its many phases or complications should send for a free copy of THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN NO. 2. ADDRESS THE PO-UNA DRUG MANUFACTURING CO., COLUMBUS, O.

\$5.00

Received of E. H. Thornton for Piedmont Council, No. 25 National Union, \$5000, amount of benefit certificate No. 3085. Accept my thanks for the prompt payment of same, and my thanks for the trouble whatever to me, Mrs. Julia Levy, wife of Marcus Levy, late deceased.

Atlanta, Ga., February 27, 1892.

Guarantee Company of North America and United States Guaranteed Company.

If you are required to give a bond for the honest and faithful performance of your duties in a position of responsibility, you can get a bond or more securities from among your friends, or apply to a guarantee company. Which will you do?

CHARLES C. THORN,
Room 30, Old Capitol.

Nov 11-dy fri sun tue

N. G. NEGLEY, JR.
Real Estate and Investments.

MONEY LOANED.

13 Marietta St.

\$3,000—8 houses, Terry street, 150x100 feet.

\$6,000—4 houses, Davis street, 2 small, and 2 large, 150x100 feet.

\$4,000—2 houses, 150x100 feet, near Marietta, 150x100.

\$75,000—Edgewood avenue, corner lot, 125x100.

\$4,000—Pulman street, corner lot, 5-r. h. 140x104.

\$4,000—Courtland street, 150x100, near in.

\$6,000—Courtland avenue, 150x130, 7-r. h. 150x100.

\$2,000—Simpson street, near Peachtree, 60x157.

\$3,750—Jackson street, near Forest avenue, 150x100.

\$1,000—Farnsworth street, 6-r. h. 140x100.

\$4,000—Farnsworth street, 10-r. h. 150x100.

\$12,000—Peachtree street, 8-r. h. 150x100.

\$12,000—Peachtree street, 10-r. h. 150x100.

\$15,000—Peachtree street, 10-r. h. 150x100.

\$20,000—Marietta street, near Simpson, 60x120.

\$4,675—Foundry street, corner lot, 157x120.

\$4,000—Georgia avenue, corner lot, 100x100.

Property in all parts of the city. Call and see us.

feet-6in.

Notice to Baptists.

The Baptist churches will have an opportunity today at the close of their services to indicate to the several committees how many of the delegates to the southern Baptist convention each will be sending. The chairman of each committee will charge of this matter is anxious to ascertain and settle this question right away. Let the Baptist brethren speak out today.

Subscriptions for stock in the new series of the Hibernia Building and Loan Association. Books now open at Capital City Bank. F. F. Clarke, Secretary and Treasurer.

Subscription \$10 per month.

Interest 6% per annum.

Interest 6% per annum.